

CDC
THIS MAGAZINE IS
HAUNTED

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HAUNTED

No 15

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

HEH! HEH!!! THIS SILLY
FOOL THOUGHT HE COULD COVER
UP THE FOOTSTEPS OF A
GHOST... HMMM!





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UNIVERSE.COM

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DYNAMIC** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE AND VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it

may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 32512, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

The high class prize for the greatest physical improvement in the next 6 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Hewitt, Conn. da

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! I have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. E., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real be-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—I. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 32512

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—Is This Right Place?
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Gender Sex
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep. I send no money for it. Does not obligate me in any way.

Name Age

(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ If under 14 years of age check here (no book!)

THIS MAGAZINE IS MAINTAINED, February, 1951, Vol. 3, No. 15, is published bi-monthly by Charlton Comics, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Entered as second class matter June 12, 1951, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Derby, Conn. Copyright 1951 by Charlton Comics. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U.S. possessions & Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order. Printed in U. S. A.

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ALFRED V. FAGO

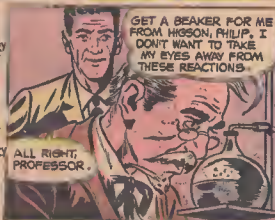
Editor
BLANCHE HODGES

HORROR IN DUPLICATE!

CLUTCHING FINGERS
REACHED OUT FROM ANOTHER
WORLD...STRETCHING FOR
THE UNWARY...PILING
TERROR UPON TERROR! WHO
KNOWS WHAT MAN MAY BE
THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE
HORROR THAT LIES WAITING
AROUND US...THE HORROR
IN DUPLICATE!



IT WAS IN THE
MIDST OF THE
HERMES RADIO-
LOGICAL LABORATORY
THAT THIS STRANGE
STORY BEGAN.
PROFESSOR HUGH
CLARKSON, CHIEF
OF THE LAB WAS
ENGAGED IN AN
IMPORTANT EXPERI-
MENT AS HE
TALKED ABSTRACTLY
TO HIS YOUNG
ASSISTANT,
PHILIP TIGER.



GET A BEAKER FOR ME
FROM HIGSON, PHILIP. I
DON'T WANT TO TAKE
MY EYES AWAY FROM
THESE REACTIONS.

ALL RIGHT,
PROFESSOR.

HIGSON
... DO
YOU
MIND
IF I ...

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHAT YOU'RE
DOING ? COMING HERE...BOTHER-
ING ME...DISTURBING ME WHEN I'M
CONCENTRATING ! STAY WHERE YOU
BELONG!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

WORDS OF FURY POURED FROM DR. HIGSON'S LIPS... HIGSON, WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A KIND, MILD-MANNERED MAN...

CAN'T ANY WORK BE DONE AROUND HERE WITHOUT PEOPLE BARGING IN ALL THE TIME... MAKING NUISANCES OF THEMSELVES...

ALL RIGHT, HIGSON, I'M SORRY!



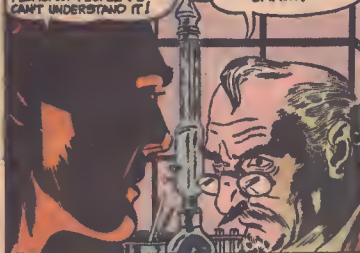
DID YOU NOTICE THE WAY HIGSON ACTED? WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM?

NOT ONLY HIGSON... BUT JENKINS AND SENTERLEE AS WELL... I... I THINK I KNOW WHAT THE TROUBLE IS... AND IT FRIGHTENS ME!



BUT WHAT ON EARTH COULD CHANGE MEN LIKE THAT... MAKE SNARLING, MEAN PERSONALITIES OUT OF PLEASANT PEOPLE? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

THAT'S JUST IT! IT ISN'T ANYTHING ON EARTH! IT'S SOMETHING FROM BEYOND THE EARTH!



WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT? I THOUGHT YOU...

DON'T SAY ANY MORE, PHILIP! HIGSON'S COMING... AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO HEAR. COME TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



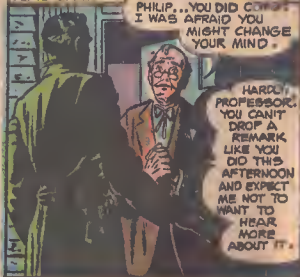
PHILIP TRAGER WAS A PUZZLED MAN THAT EVENING AS HE MADE HIS WAY TO PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S LONELY HOME. THE CHANGE IN THE PERSONALITIES OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS WAS BAD ENOUGH... BUT THE PROFESSOR'S HINT THAT STRANGE FORCES WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHANGE BROUGHT A PREMONITION OF TERROR.

THE PROFESSOR ISN'T THE TYPE TO FRIGHTEN EASILY... AND HE SEEMED SO GENUINELY AFRAID.



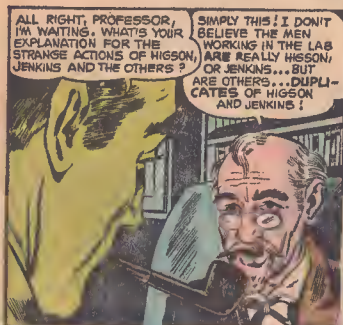
PHILIP'S FINGERS HAD SCARCELY TOUCHED THE DOOR-BELL WHEN THE FRONT DOOR WAS PLUNG OPEN.

PHILIP... YOU DID COME. I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND.



HARDY! PROFESSOR, YOU CAN'T DROP A REMARK LIKE YOU DID THIS AFTERNOON AND EXPECT ME NOT TO WANT TO HEAR MORE ABOUT IT.

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I WENT TO BED EARLY... DEAD TIRED. I EXPECTED TO HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND WAS COMPLETELY UNPREPARED FOR THE HORROR THAT BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE IN MY ROOM...



IT WAS A LOW RUMBLING SOUND THAT AWAKENED ME...



THE SWIRLING MIST THAT FILLED THE STRANGE AREA GRADUALLY CLEARED, AND...



I STEPPED CLOSER AND FOUND MYSELF STARING AT A GROUP OF MEN WHO WERE LOOKING OUT AT ME!



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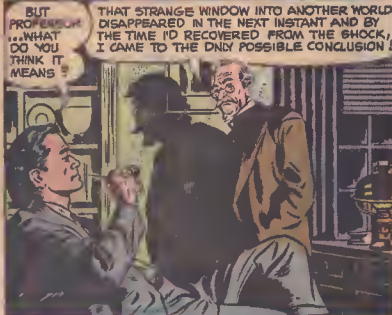
YOU WILL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH
...WHEN YOU JOIN THEM!

STAY
AWAY
FROM
ME!

"THIS WEIRD
DUPLICATE OF
MYSELF
REACHED IN
AND TRIED TO
PULL ME
THROUGH INTO
THE UNBELIEV-
ABLE WORLD
IN WHICH
HE LIVED!
HIS TOUCH
WAS COLD AND
CLAMMY AND I
JUMPED BACK
AS THOUGH
A SNAKE
HAD GRIPPED
MY ARM."



YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME FOREVER, PROFESSOR
CLARKSON! THE TIME IS SHORT AND SOON I'LL
BE ABLE TO COME THROUGH INTO YOUR WORLD
AND TAKE YOUR PLACE...LIKE THE OTHERS!

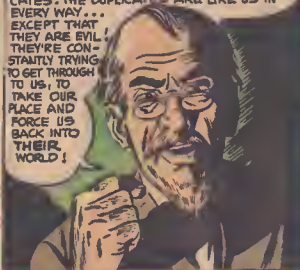


BUT
PROFESSOR...
...WHAT
DO YOU
THINK IT
MEANS

THAT STRANGE WINDOW INTO ANOTHER WORLD
DISAPPEARED IN THE NEXT INSTANT AND BY
THE TIME I'D RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK,
I CAME TO THE ONLY POSSIBLE CONCLUSION!

AROUND US...UNSEEN BY US...POSSIBLY IN
ANOTHER DIMENSION...IS ANOTHER WORLD
...A WORLD CONSISTING OF OUR DUPLI-
CATES. THE DUPLICATES ARE LIKE US IN
EVERY WAY...

EXCEPT THAT
THEY ARE EVIL!
THEY'RE CON-
STANTLY TRYING
TO GET THROUGH
TO US, TO
TAKE OUR
PLACE AND
FORCE US
BACK INTO
THEIR
WORLD!



DON'T YOU SEE? ALL THROUGH HISTORY
THERE ARE RECORDS OF FINE MEN
SUDDENLY CHANGING...SUDDENLY DOING
EVIL THINGS! IT'S BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN
FORCED INTO THE OTHER DIMENSION AND THEIR
DUPLICATES TOOK THEIR PLACES IN OURS! AND
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO HIGSON, JENKINS
...AND THE OTHERS...AND I'M AFRAID IT
WILL HAPPEN TO ME!



SOMETHING ABOUT THE RADIOACTIVITY
IN THE LAB MUST MAKE US PARTICULARLY
SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE EVIL
DUPLICATES...AND I MAY HAVE BEEN
EXPOSED LONG ENOUGH BY NOW!
I...I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH ME
TONIGHT, PHILIP...JUST IN CASE!

ALL RIGHT,
PROFESSOR...BUT
I THINK YOU'VE
PROBABLY JUST
HAD A BAD DREAM.
I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME
TO GET SOME THINGS.



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ALTHOUGH PHILIP TRAGER THOUGHT THE STORY HE'D HEARD MIGHT BE THE REACTION OF AN OVERWORKED MIND, THERE WAS NO DENYING THE STARK TERROR IN PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S EYES.

YOU...YOU WON'T BE LONG, WILL YOU? I...I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!



AS HE WALKED AWAY FROM THE ATMOSPHERE OF FEAR, THE YOUNG ASSISTANT MADE A SUDDEN AND NEW DECISION.

I--I WONDER IF THE PROFESSOR COULD BE LOGGING HIS MIND? MAYBE I'D BETTER SPEAK TO DR. HIGSON ABOUT IT.



I...I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU, DR. HIGSON, FOR A MINUTE... ABOUT PROFESSOR CLARKSON.

OH...ALL RIGHT! COME IN AND I'LL PUT ON THE LIGHTS!



WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TELL ME? DID THE PROFESSOR SAY ANYTHING TO YOU?

N-NO...NOTHING...NOTHING AT ALL! I...I CHANGED MY MIND.



IT WAS A MOMENT OF NEAR-MADNESS FOR PHILIP TRAGER AS HE GAZED AT THE FACE OF DR. HIGSON... FOR WHILE THE FEATURES WERE THOSE OF HIGSON... THE EYES WERE DIFFERENT.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY?



H-HIS EYES DID GLOW IN THE DARK... AS THE PROFESSOR SAID; M-MAYBE HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, AFTER ALL! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO HIM IN A HURRY!



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PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S OBVIOUS FEELING OF RELIEF AT TRAGER'S RETURN WAS ALMOST PITIFUL.

I'LL KEEP THIS BELL BY MY BEDSIDE, PHILIP. IF YOU HEAR IT DURING THE NIGHT, PLEASE DON'T WASTE ANY TIME.

YES, PROFESSOR... YES. I'LL COME AT ONCE.



THE NIGHT WAS QUIET, AND PHILIP TRAGER FELL INTO A DREAMLESS SLUMBER, WHEN SUDDENLY...

THE BELL! THE PROFESSOR...

RRIING



THE YOUNG MAN RACED DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S ROOM... SPURRED ON BY THE SHRIEKS OF TERROR THAT ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE!

CLARKSON!

PHILIP! HELP ME! HELP ME!



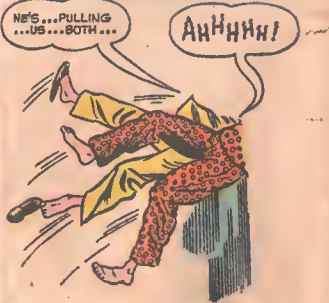
I'LL...GET...YOU...
...SOON...

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME THIS TIME!



HE'S...PULLING...US...BOTH...

AAAAHHH!



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THERE WAS A MONSTROUS PAIN...A WRENCHING AND TWISTING... AND THEN OBLIVION! AS PHILIP TRAGER SLOWLY ROSE FROM THE PIT OF BLACKNESS, HIS MIND WAS FILLED WITH THE TERROR OF HIS SITUATION.

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
WH-WHERE ARE WE?



AND THEN HE KNEW!

W-WE'RE IN THE OTHER DIMENSION...THE OTHER WORLD! I...I CAN SEE THE ENTRANCE BACK TO OUR WORLD...TO YOUR ROOM! MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK!

I...I CAN'T! M-MY STRENGTH SEEMS TO BE ALL GONE... SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE HAS WEAKENED ME!



BUT I DON'T FEEL WEAK...

FOOL! WHY SHOULD YOU? YOU WEREN'T EXPECTED TO BE BROUGHT HERE AT THIS TIME...AND YOUR DUPLICATE WAS NOT WAITING FOR YOU! BUT HE WILL BE HERE SOON...



HE WON'T FIND ME HERE WHEN HE DOES COME!

HOLD HIM!



THE EVIL DUPLICATES FROM THE UNKNOWN WORLD CLOSED IN ON PHILIP TRAGER AND HE KNEW THIS STRUGGLE WAS FOR MORE THAN HIS LIFE! HIS VERY SOUL WAS AT STAKE.

WITH A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH, TRAGER BROKE THROUGH THE RING AROUND HIM AND RACED TOWARDS THE PROFESSOR.

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

PHILIP! THIS WAY!



MY STRENGTH RETURNED! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE IT!

GO AHEAD! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



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THEY STUMBLERED THROUGH WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE...EVIL CLUTCHING AT THEIR HEELS.

THEN AS THEY TURNED, PREPARED TO RENEW THE STRUGGLE...



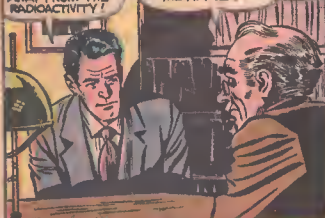
TH-THE OPENING INTO THE OTHER WORLD IS DISAPPEARING! THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING US!

THEY CAN'T! ONCE WE'VE ESCAPED... WE'RE SAFE!

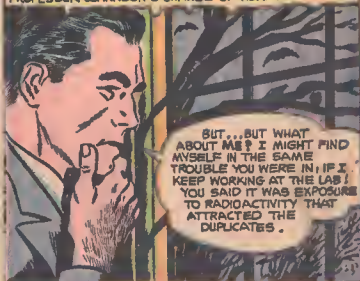


IF IT HAPPENED ONCE, IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN! YOU'D BETTER STOP WORKING AT THE LAB... GET AWAY FROM THE RADIOACTIVITY!

I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE NECESSARY NOW, PHILIP. I'M SURE THE DANGER HAS PASSED...AND ANY FURTHER EXPOSURE TO THE FORCES IN THE LABORATORY WON'T HURT ME AT ALL.



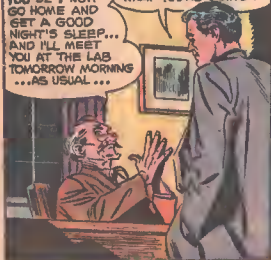
YOUNG TRAGER WAS MOMENTARILY PUZZLED BY PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S CHANGE OF HEART.



BUT...BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? I MIGHT FIND MYSELF IN THE SAME TROUBLE YOU WERE IN, IF I KEEP WORKING AT THE LAB! YOU SAID IT WAS EXPOSURE TO RADIOACTIVITY THAT ATTRACTED THE DUPLICATES.

I'M NOT WORRIED ANY MORE, PHILIP, SO WHY SHOULD YOU BE? NOW GO HOME AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP... AND I'LL MEET YOU AT THE LAB TOMORROW MORNING...AS USUAL...

ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR...BUT I... I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



THE BITING CHILL OF THE NIGHT AIR WAS A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THE THREATENING OPPRESSION OF THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, BUT PHILIP TRAGER COULDN'T RID HIMSELF OF THE SENSE OF IMMINENT TERROR.



I...I WISH I FELT AS POSITIVE OF SAFETY AS THE PROFESSOR DOES.



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DAY FOLLOWED DAY, AND BOTH TRAGER AND THE PROFESSOR CONTINUED WORKING AT THE LABORATORY AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. YET PHILIP COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL A GROWING TENSION...AN ATMOSPHERE OF UNSPOKEN HORROR...A NERVOUSNESS THAT DIDN'T SEEM TO BE SHARED BY PROFESSOR CLARKSON.

I...I CAN'T HELP RELAX, PHILIP... WON'T YOU? YOU'RE AS JUMPY AS A CAT!

IT! I KEEP THINKING ABOUT WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED TO YOU... AND I FIND MYSELF ALMOST AFRAID TO FALL ASLEEP AT NIGHT.



WHAT YOU NEED IS A LITTLE COMPANY! HOW ABOUT MY DROPPING OVER TO YOUR PLACE TONIGHT FOR A LITTLE VISIT?

THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL! MAYBE IT'LL HELP ME GET MY MIND OFF MYSELF!



THE SHADOW OF FEAR WAS A LIVING THING THAT HOVERED OVER THE TWO MEN THAT NIGHT!

AS SOON AS YOU FEEL ASSURED...AS I AM...THAT THE TERROR IS OVER...

WAIT! WH-WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



TH-THAT SPOT THE DOORWAY TO THE OTHER WORLD! YOU JUST AS YOU DESCRIBED IT TO ME!

PHILIP'S REASON WAS STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT AS HE WATCHED THE DULL RED SPOT GROW INTO A LARGE AREA OF SWIRLING MIST...TWISTING AND TURNING AS THOUGH WITH THE FORCE OF EVIL. THEN IT CLEARED AND HE WAS ABLE TO SEE... ABLE TO STARE AT THE FACE OF...



YOU! YOU'RE... ME!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY FOR DAYS!



NO! YOU CAN'T! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE MY PLACE IN THIS WORLD!

I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER!

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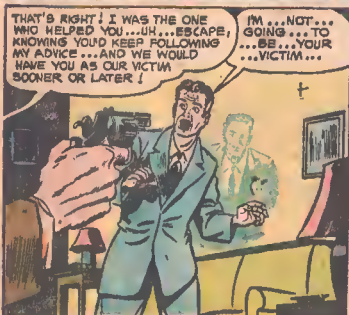
P-PROFESSOR CLARKSON!!
WH-WHAT...

DON'T YOU KNOW YET, PHILIP? HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED?

YOU...
YOU'RE NOT
PROFESSOR CLARKSON AT
ALL! YOU'RE
HIS DUPLICATE!



AND THEN IT CAME! THE REALIZATION OF THE TRUE, SPINE-CHILLING MONSTER HE WAS FACING!



THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS THE ONE WHO HELPED YOU...UH...ESCAPE, KNOWING YOU'D KEEP FOLLOWING MY ADVICE...AND WE WOULD HAVE YOU AS OUR VICTIM SOONER OR LATER!

I'M...NOT...
GOING...TO
...BE...YOUR
...VICTIM...



STEP BY STEP HE RETREATED FROM THE MONSTER THAT HAD ASSUMED THE GUISE OF PROFESSOR CLARKSON...CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE EVIL THAT WAS WAITING BEHIND HIM UNTIL...

AAAAHHHHH!



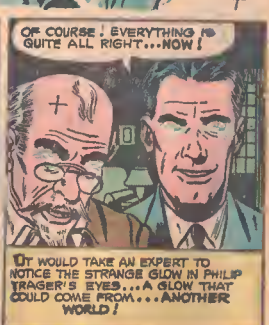
PHILIP TRAGER'S SCREAM RESOUNDED AGAIN AND AGAIN THROUGH THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT. AND JUST AS IT FADED AWAY INTO STILLNESS, A PASSER-BY RUSHED TO THE HOUSE...

OPEN UP! OPEN UP IN THERE!



I HEARD SCREAMING! IS ANYONE HURT?

WHY...OF COURSE NOT! IT WAS OUR CAT! MY FRIEND, PHILIP TRAGER, AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE!



OF COURSE! EVERYTHING IS QUITE ALL RIGHT...NOW!

IT WOULD TAKE AN EXPERT TO NOTICE THE STRANGE GLOW IN PHILIP TRAGER'S EYES...A GLOW THAT COULD COME FROM...ANOTHER WORLD!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THERE WAS EVIL IN THAT HOUSE, EVIL BEYOND THE POWERS OF REASON AND A GRIM SECRET NOT EVEN STONE WALLS COULD HOLD!

The CORPSE in the HOUSE

FOOTPRINTS! FOOTPRINTS ON THE CEILING!
IT'S GIL! HE'S RETURNED TO TORMENT ME.

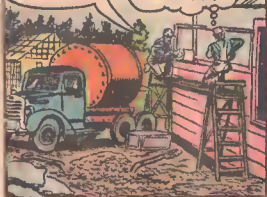
AAIEEE!



TOM MASON HATED HIS PARTNER GIL HAGGARD. AND AS THEY WORKED SIDE BY SIDE ON THE CONCRETE WALLS OF THAT BUNGALOW HIS BITTERNESS AND RESENTMENT GREW DAY BY DAY.

POUR IT SMOOTH, TOM. IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB WE EVER DID. THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE HOME FOR PAULA AND ME AFTER WE'RE MARRIED.

PAULA MARRIED TO HIM! WHY DOES HE KEEP REMINDING ME? WHY?



I KNOW YOU WERE GOING OUT WITH PAULA BEFORE I MET HER, TOM. I KINDA HATED TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU WISH ME THE BEST.

HE'S TAUNTING ME, TOYING WITH ME LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE. I'LL KILL HIM! KILL HIM!



IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT TOM MASON'S EVIL PLAN SPURNS INTO BEING...FULL-BLOWN IN ALL ITS GHOULISH MALEVOLENCE.

TOM, LOOK INSIDE THERE. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MIXER!

HERE. LET ME SEE.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

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TOM! YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
LET ME OUT...OUT!

TORMENT ME---TORTURE
ME---WILL YOU? I'LL TEACH
YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!



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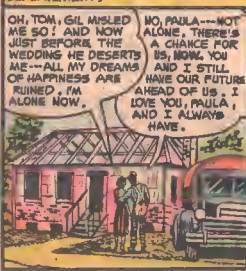
I'LL SEAL HIS
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THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AND SO, IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, TOM LABORED TO COMPLETE THE LITTLE BUNGALOW...THE LOVE NEST THAT HELD SO FEARFUL A SECRET ENTOMBED WITHIN ITS WALLS.

THE THOUGHT THAT YOU'RE DOING EVERYTHING HERE WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS MAKES EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF THIS HOUSE PRECIOUS TO ME, TOM DARLING.

BUT TOM MASON'S HAPPINESS WAS BORROWED FROM THE DEAD. FOR THE EVIL HE HAD DONE WAS A LIVING THING THAT COILED LIKE A DARK, UNFATHOMABLE FORCE THAT NO WALLS COULD HOLD. AND ONE DAY—

PAULA, DARLING! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE THIS TIME OF DAY?

I CAN'T STAY AWAY, DARLING WHEN I KNOW YOU'RE SO BUSY BUILDING OUR HOME, AND OUR FUTURE HERE!



WHAT—? FOOTSTEPS—SPECTRAL FOOTSTEPS IN THE FRESH PLASTER...PUSHING THROUGH!



GL. HE'S IN THERE. TORMENTING ME--LAUGHING AT ME.



PAULA WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE; I'VE GOT TO COVER UP THESE FOOTPRINTS. I MUST BEFORE SHE COMES.



TOM COVERED UP THAT PHANTOM TRAIL BUT AS HE ENTERED THE HOUSE THE NEXT DAY THE FOOTPRINTS WERE THERE AGAIN.

I'VE GOT TO COVER THEM UP... I MUST, BEFORE I'M DISCOVERED.



NO ONE MUST EVER SEE THIS! NO ONE!



IN THE TORTURED DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THOSE GRIM SYMBOLS OF HIS DEED MARKED THE CEILING AGAIN AND AGAIN. AND EACH TIME, TOM COVERED THEM HASTILY UNTIL ONE DAY—

DARLING---THIS LIVING ROOM---IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR IS THIS CEILING LOWER THAN THE OTHERS?

ER---YES, PAULA. ---ER---LOW CEILING LIVING ROOMS ARE COMING INTO FASHION. ...I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AT LAST THE SPECTRAL MENOMENON CEASED AND TOM CONGRATULATED HIMSELF, BUT HIS VICTORY WAS ONLY TEMPORARY, FOR IT WAS THE VERY NEXT WEEK THAT HE FIRST NOTICED A FAINT, UNDESCRIBABLY EVIL ODOR ABOUT THE HOUSE.



UGH! IT'S LIKE THE SCENT OF ROTTING FLESH. GIL'S BODY... IT MUST BE DECAYING AND THE ODOR'S BREAKING THROUGH THE WALLS.

WHAT WILL I DO? PAULA WILL BE HERE THIS AFTERNOON. IF SHE NOTICES ANYTHING I'M SUNK.



HE SPRAYED THE ROOM WITH DEODORANTS, DOUSED THE WALLS WITH CHLOROPHYLL, BUT NOTHING HELPED. THE VERY REEK OF DEATH WAS IN THE AIR!

IT'S HOPELESS. I CAN'T GET RID OF THE SMELL. I CAN'T!



BUT ODDLY ENOUGH WHEN PAULA ARRIVED ---

DARLING, DO YOU SMELL ANYTHING IN THE HOUSE? A DISAGREEABLE ODOR?

WHY NO, TOM. WHY DO YOU ASK?



IT'S NOTHING, NOTHING, DARLING.

SHE CAN'T SMELL IT BUT I KNOW IT'S THERE... GIL'S BODY---BIDING ITS TIME WITHIN THE WALLS. WAITING. WAITING.



PAULA LOVED THAT LITTLE BUNGALOW AND PERHAPS THAT'S WHY SHE PLANNED TO HOLD THE WEDDING THERE. HOW COULD SHE KNOW WHAT UNHOLY EVENTS HAD TRANSPIRED IN THESE WALLS? OR WHAT A GRIM CLIMAX WAS IN STORE FOR HER PLANS. FOR AS THE CEREMONY BEGAN ---

DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE --- WHAT'S THAT? SOME WARM LIQUID DROPPING ON MY HEAD.



WARM AND STICKY... IT'S BLOOD! DRIPPING FROM THAT STAIN ON THE CEILING!



IT'S GIL UP THERE STILL TORTURING ME, STILL TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME. BUT I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT NOW. I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY NERVE.



PRIMEVAL
FEAR WAS
BURSTING
THROUGH
HIS VEINS,
BUT TOM
MASON
GRITTED
HIS TEETH
AND HELD
ON TO HIS
SANITY AS
HE LISTENED
TO THE
CEREMONY.

IF ANY MAN CAN SHOW JUST CAUSE
WHY THESE TWO MAY NOT BE
JOINED IN LAWFUL MATRIMONY,
LET HIM NOW SPEAK OR HERE-
AFTER FOREVER HOLD HIS
PEACE.

THE GRIM
WORDS
ECHOED
THROUGH
THE ROOM
LIKE AN
INFATHOM-
ABLE PORTENT.
THEN
SUDDENLY,
THE
COMPANY
STARED
ASTAST AS
THE CEILING
ABOVE THEM
CRACKED
FROM WALL
TO WALL
AND--

WATCH OUT! THE CEILING'S CRACKING.
IT'S GOING TO FALL!



IT'S GIL! IT'S GIL'S
BODY!



THE ARM! IT'S
POINTING AT ME
ACCUSINGLY!

THERE WASN'T MUCH PLESH ON THE
HAND--JUST ENOUGH TO HOLD THE
BONES TOGETHER, JUST ENOUGH TO
POINT AN ACCUSING FINGER...SUDDEN-
LY IT WAS TOO MUCH, GABBLING WITH
FEAR TOM MASON BROKE AND RAN!

LET ME OUT!
LET ME OUT
OF THIS HOUSE
BEFORE I
GO MAD!

I THINK WE'D
BETTER CALL
THE POLICE!

A SHAME, WASN'T IT, THAT GIL
HAD TO SPOIL THE WEDDING?
TOO BAD, YOU MISSED ALL THE
FUN. BUT STILL, WE'LL TRY TO
MAKE IT UP TO YOU. THERE'LL
BE PLENTY OF ENTERTAINMENT
---AT THE HANGING.


LET ME GO, LET ME GET OUT OF
HERE. HE'S AFTER ME. GIL'S
AFTER ME FOR KILLING HIM!

GRAB HIM,
QUICK!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP



IT'S JEFF CORBY! HE'S
RETURNED WITH HIS NEW
FRIENDS---TO DEVOUR US
ALL!

QUICK! CUT TH'
DIVING BELL LOOSE!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO SAVE THE SHIP!

AN OMINOUSLY
STORMY NIGHT WAS
BREWING AS THE OLD
SCHOONER "NEW BEDFORD" CAST
OFF HER MOORINGS FROM A TINY,
ROCK-SOUND FISHING PIER...

HEAVE AWAY ON THOSE
SAILS, LADS! WE'VE GOT
TO CLEAR THE REEFS
AHEAD OR WE'LL CRASH!

WE'LL GET THE
CANVAS UP, CAP'N
MARLIN! YOU TEND
TO THE HELM...

LEGEND OF LOST LAKE

By Jess Cole



"AH, YES, my friends. It was just such a night that Amie Heville returned from a visit to her sick sweetheart—a wild desolate night with the wind howling down from the hills!"

In the tiny north woods' cabin Pierre Manton paused in his harrowing tale. Outside, the wind wailed across the icy wasteland of Lost Lake. Near the fire old Leon Garreaux, Pierre's partner, stared glumly at their guest, Paul Dennis. The young man was engrossed in Pierre's story.

"It was in the middle of the lake that the tragedy occurred," continued Pierre. "A weak spot in the ice and Amie was plunged into the freezing water. How pitifully she must have screamed, poor, beautiful Amie! How she must have clawed at the ice in her last moment! But there was no one to hear—no one to help!"

Pierre's voice dropped to a whisper. "And now on dark lonely nights a wanderer may sometimes see Amie's agonized face beneath the ice, her fingers clawing, fighting to get free. But he must not pause, our wanderer. For if he would try to help she would drag him to his death, down into the dark waters of Lost Lake!"

There was a long moment of eerie silence and then Paul Dennis arose. "I've got to leave now, boys. It's a long walk to my cabin across the lake." With a grin he extracted a greenback from his wallet and put it on the table. "You're really making my vacation worthwhile, Pierre. These stories you're telling me will be sensational in my collection of ghost stories. But you will admit this last one is pretty hard to believe."

Pierre hunched his huge shoulders and buried his face in his hands. "You may believe this one, Monsieur," he said sadly. "For I was the sweetheart Amie visited that night!"

In the flickering firelight Dennis stood for a long frozen instant. When he spoke his voice was husky with emotion. "I'm sorry, Pierre. It was a thoughtless remark. I didn't know." He turned slowly and walked out into the night.

Even as the door closed old Leon turned on Pierre with a grimace of disgust. "Sacre! But you are a fool to tell such stories, Pierre. You never had a sweetheart called Amie. And there is no ghost in Lost Lake."

Pierre roared with laughter as he picked the greenback up from the table. "And what do I care for truth or lies? Our friend wanted a story and was willing to pay for it!"

"But to tell such a mad tale . . ." Old Leon shuddered. ". . . And then to take money for it. I tell you it is evil to invent stories like that. I gash you tamper with things you don't understand."

"And I say you are a superstitious fool, Garreaux. You begin to weary me." Pierre advanced menacingly and Leon backed away.

It was in that moment that a scream echoed through the night—a cry of such despair that even the howling wind paused to listen!

"It came from the lake!" rasped Pierre.

"Mordieu! It must be that young fool Dennis! Come, quickly!"

There was no moon. It took them long precious moments to find the deadly break in the ice and the body of Paul Dennis floating face down in the dark waters. Pierre stared at the axe lying on the nearby snow. "The fool," he growled. "What did he do that for?"

"Never mind that," snapped Garreaux. "Help me get him out. He may still have a chance!"

And then, as they hauled the limp form onto the ice, the old man's face went pale with fear. "Look there," he croaked hoarsely! "That face in the water—beneath the ice!"

Pierre glanced down. Was it a shadow, or was it the terror-stricken, desperate face of a girl staring back at him from beneath the surface? With sudden determination Pierre tore his eyes away. "Sacre! You sicken me with your stupid superstitions!" But as he helped carry Dennis away his eyes turned involuntarily backward to the ominous gap in the ice.

But there was little they could do for Paul Dennis. Even as they arrived in his cabin the spark of life was flickering for the last time. The shock of his exposure had been far too

Legend Of Lost Lake

severe and it took but a glance to see that death held him in its remorseless clutches. Only once did his eyes open and Pierre Manton turned away from the mad demoniacal light he saw in them. Only once did he speak but Pierre wished he had not heard those delirious words.

"Amie . . . There under the ice . . . Struggling . . . Begging me to save her . . . But she dragged me down—down . . . As the portent of those words struck him the blood drained from Pierre's face. On the cot Dennis' body shuddered and went limp.

Garreaux arose slowly, a bysterical light in his eyes, his fists clenched. "It's all your fault. I warned you not to tell such stories! I warned you not to dabble with things you did not understand, but you laughed!"

Pierre shrugged. "Stop your screeching. Am I to blame if the fool believed that stupid tale?" He turned and searched briefly through the wet clothes they had stripped off the dead man. As he extracted a water-soaked wallet he grinned! "Ah! He will have no more use for this, our young friend."

In an instant Garreaux was upon him. "Beast! Have you not done enough? Robbing the dead—it is the most unforgivable of crimes!"

For an instant Pierre tottered under the old man's rush and then he crashed to the ground. He arose in murderous fury. "So! You would interfere with Pierre Manton!"

Mad with rage he charged Garreaux, his great arms swinging bearlike from his body. For a moment the old man resisted and then the great fists battered him down. Again and again Pierre's heavy hoots drove home murderously until at last, with a long shuddering groan, Garreaux lay lifeless in a corner.

As his rage died Pierre stared about him in fear. There were two dead men in the cabin now. The devil only knew what questions the police would ask. He would have to leave Lost Lake at once. Perhaps, with a break, he would have a week's start before the bodies were discovered.

Pierre was calm and confident as he left the cabin. He knew exactly what he had to do. Across the lake was his own cabin. There he would pack his clothes and supplies for the

getaway. But as he started across the ice he felt his calm self-possession melt away. Slowly, fearfully, panic rose within him.

Halfway across the lake he knew he was being followed. Someone was pursuing him. Someone called to him, soundlessly, as if from some unknown and unfathomable world. Pierre looked back. There was nothing behind him but the night, immense, silent and forboding.

And then he saw it—the swift fleeting shadow beneath the ice—a shadow slowly taking shape! A face was molded around eyes that were mad pools of terror, a mouth twisted in a hideous scream. Hands clawed at the ice with mad desperation!

Fear engulfed Pierre Manton — the black hopeless fear of a soul confronted with unnameable evil. "No! It cannot be!" he croaked hoarsely. "It is impossible!"

And yet with dread certainty he knew it was possible. It was Amie, the spectral lover he had created for Paul Dennis! This was the ghostly sweetheart who had perished in the black and forbidding waters of Lost Lake! And in that moment Manton could hear old Leon's voice echo in the dark corridors of his mind. "I warned you, Pierre! You were dabbling with things you did not understand. I warned you!"

Quaking with fear Pierre backed away from that horror beneath the ice, and as he wretched, the lips formed his name as if calling him. "Pierre—Pierre! Help me!"

He never saw the hole in the ice behind him until it was too late. With a wild scream Pierre felt himself falling, felt the freezing waters engulf him as he plunged downward! For a mad, desperate moment he clawed insanely at the ice above him and then the heavy boots were dragging him down—down! And in the last moment of his life Pierre Manton felt the icy arms twine lovingly about his neck, and he felt the cold clammy kiss of dead lips as a ghostly voice whispered, "Pierre—my Pierre!"

AH, YES, now there is truth in the legend of a face beneath the ice of Lost Lake, a face that men see on lonely nights when the wind howls across the frozen wasteland. But the face that pleads silently for help, peering helplessly through the imprisoning ice is that of the eternally damned Pierre Manton!

THE END

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THERE! WE'RE OUT OF THE HARBOR! IT'LL BE CLEAR SAILING TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING BANKS!

JEFF! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK WORRIED AND GLOOMY. ARE YOU SEASICK?

N-NO, NOT EXACTLY! I JUST HAVE A TERRIBLE FEELING THAT THIS VOYAGE IS A MISTAKE---THAT IT CAN ONLY END IN DISASTER...

I KNOW THAT THIS WILL BE OUR FIRST BIG CHANCE TO TEST OUR NEW DIVING BELL, AND THAT WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE CAPTAIN MARLIN'S SCHOONER TO GO OUT IN! BUT STILL I---I WISH WE HAD NEVER DECIDED TO MAKE THE TRIP!

Suddenly...

A LIGHT! BUT WHOSE---

IT'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER, BARLOW, AND IT'S COMING STRAIGHT AT US!

WHAT'S UP, LIEUTENANT?

WE'RE SEARCHING FOR A BUNCH OF SEAGOING HIGHWAYMEN--- THE MALET GANG! THEY'VE ROBBED A LUXURY YACHT AND STOLEN A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS! WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO SEARCH EVERY SHIP IN THESE WATERS FOR THEM...

COAST GUARD

THE HUNT REVEALS NOTHING!

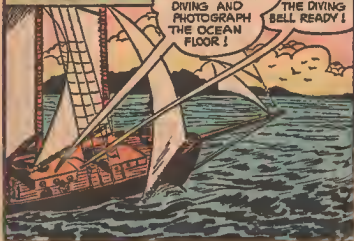
WE'RE HEADING UP TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING BANKS ON A DIVING EXPEDITION. NOT LIKELY THAT WE'LL SEE THEM THERE!

I DIDN'T THINK WE'D FIND ANY TRACE OF THEM ON YOUR SCHOONER, CAPTAIN MARLIN! BUT WATCH OUT FOR THEM! THEY'RE LED BY ACE MALET, AND THEY'RE HEAVILY ARMED AND DANGEROUS!

NOT LIKELY---BUT POSSIBLE! GOOD LUCK!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DAYS LATER, OVER THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS...



AT LAST! AND IT'S A CALM DAY! WE CAN BEGIN DIVING AND PHOTOGRAPH THE OCEAN FLOOR!

RIGHT! I'LL BEGIN GETTING THE DIVING GEAR READY!

HMM! LOOK DOWN THERE! THOSE REEFS ARE SO CLOSE TO THE SURFACE---AND SEE THEIR COLORS AND SHAPES! LET'S DROP ANCHOR! WE'LL BEGIN OUR DIVING HERE!



NO! NOT HERE! ANYWHERE IN THE OCEAN... BUT NOT NEAR DEAD MAN'S REEF!



THESE REEFS USED TO ATTRACT MANY SHIPS IN THE OLD WHALING DAYS, BARLOW! THEY CAME CLOSE... TOO CLOSE! MANY CRASHED WITH ALL HANDS DROWNING! AND THOSE WHO SURVIVED SAID THAT STRANGE CREATURES, DEEP SEA MONSTERS, USED TO COME UP TO THE SURFACE TO DEVOUR THE DROWNED SAILORS...



...OVER THE CENTURIES, THEY ATE SO MUCH HUMAN FLESH THAT THEY GREW TO RESEMBLE THE MEN THEY SOUGHT! WHEN A MONSTER ATE A MAN, IT TURNED TO LOOK LIKE HIM AT ONCE! THEY GAINED AN EVIL GINNING, AND THEY HUNTED IN PACKS...



NO! NO! AIEEE!

BAH! JUST A LOT OF SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, CAPTAIN! JEFF, YOU'VE GOT A DIVING SUIT! WANT TO GO DOWN AND PROVE TO HIM THAT IT'S JUST A LOT OF OLD WIVES' TALES?



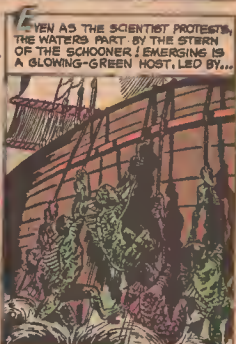
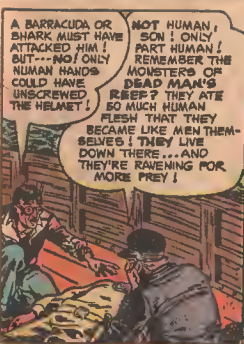
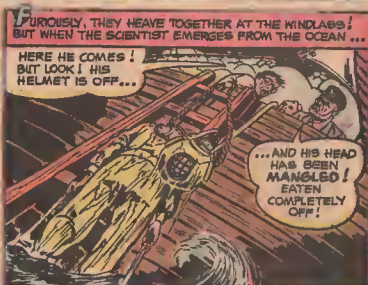
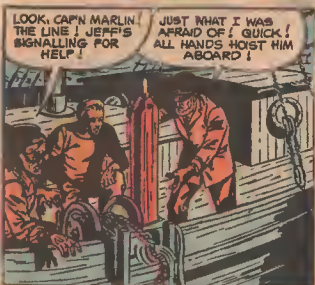
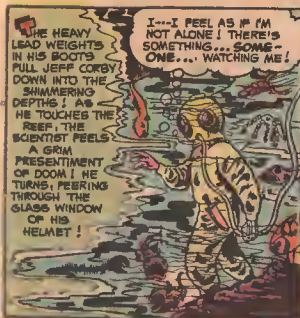
DON'T DO IT, CORBY! I---I TELL YOU, MY FATHER AND BROTHER WERE BOTH VICTIMS OF THESE MONSTERS!

JEFF CORBY HESITATES! THEN, DRIVEN BY THE ACID SCORN IN BARLOW'S VOICE, HE YIELDS!

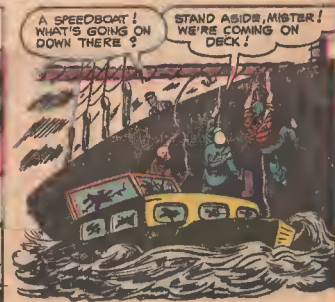
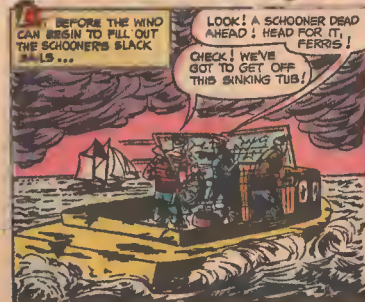
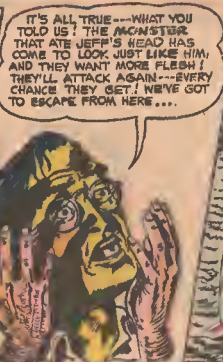
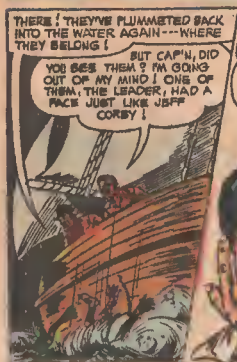


ALL RIGHT! IT---IT MUST BE NONSENSE AS YOU SAY, RANCE! I'M A SCIENTIST---AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN UNDERWATER MONSTERS! I'LL DIVE AND PROVE THE OCEAN FLOOR!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

YOU GENTS DIDN'T THINK YOU OWNED THIS SHIP, DID YOU? 'CAUSE WE'RE TAKING OVER ---RIGHT NOW!



I KNOW WHO YOU MUST BE! YOU'RE ACE MALET AND THIS IS YOUR GANG OF OCEAN CUTTHROATS! THE COAST GUARD IS SEARCHING FOR YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OLD TIMER! THEY'RE AFTER THESE JEWELS I STOLE!! IN FACT, THEY'RE SO CLOSE ON OUR TRAIL THAT THEY SHOT UP OUR BOAT THIS MORNING! IT'S SINKING, SO WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY TO ESCAPE...



WE'LL HIDE OUT ON THIS OLD TUB AND IF THE LAW TRIES TO SEARCH IT, WE'LL GUN THEM DOWN!

HOLD ON, ACE! SEE THAT DIVING BELL? LET'S HIDE IN IT AND HAVE THESE LUGS LOWER US OVER THE SIDE!



WE CAN LEAVE RED ON DECK! HE'LL TRAIN HIS TOMMY GUN ON THEM TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T PULL ANY TRICKS! WE'LL BE SAFE AND SNUG DOWN UNDER THE OCEAN, AND RED CAN HIDE UNDER A LIFEBOAT! THEY'LL NEVER SPOT HIM!



NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MALET! THERE ARE CREATURES DOWN THERE ---MONSTERS THAT ARE HALF HUMAN!

THEY'D BREAK INTO THE DIVING BELL AND EAT YOU ALIVE! IT WOULD BE SUICIDE!!



STOP TRYING TO HOAX ME WITH A LOT OF LIES! STAND CLEAR!

NO! WE WON'T LET YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO LET US SAIL THE SHIP OUT OF HERE ---OR WE'LL ALL DIE!



ALL RIGHT! YOU ASKED FOR IT! BUT WE WON'T ALL DIE! JUST YOU...



RAT-TAT-TAT!

THEY'RE DEAD, BOSS...DID...DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT?

OF COURSE I DID, YOU POOL! IF WE PLAN TO GET AWAY WITH THESE STOLEN JEWELS, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. THEY'D HAVE BETRAYED US SOONER OR LATER.

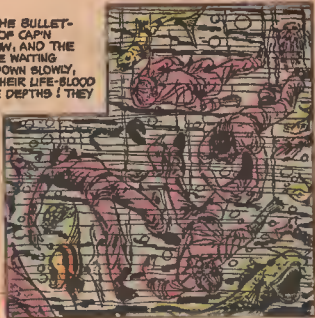


THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NOW! LET'S HEAVE THEM OVER THE SIDE! THEY'LL DISAPPEAR IN THE OCEAN AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER! THEN WE CAN PUT OUR PLAN INTO ACTION...



SO, ONE BY ONE, THE BULLET-RIDDLED BODIES OF CAPTAIN MARLIN, RANCE BARLOW, AND THE SAILORS SINK INTO THE WAITING OCEAN! THEY DRIFT DOWN SLOWLY, AND THE SCENT OF THEIR LIFE-BLOOD EDDIES THROUGH THE DEPTHS! THEY ARE AWAITED...



ON DECK... ALL RIGHT, RED! ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THAT WINDLASS?

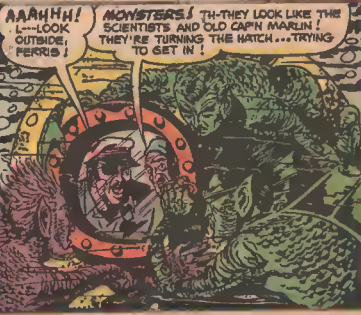
I RECKON SO! IT LOOKS SIMPLE ENOUGH, ACE...



RIGHT! I GET A BIG LAUGH WHEN I THINK ABOUT THAT OLD PHONY WARNING US ABOUT UNDERWATER MONSTERS! WE'D BE BUCKERS TO FALL FOR THAT KIND OF LINE...



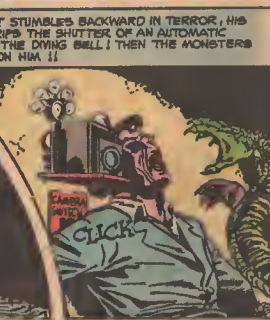
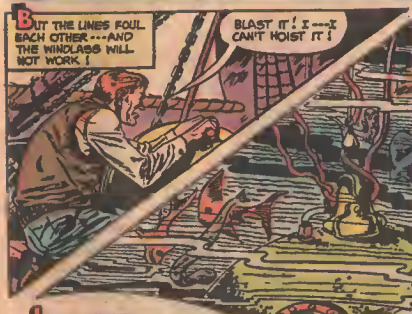
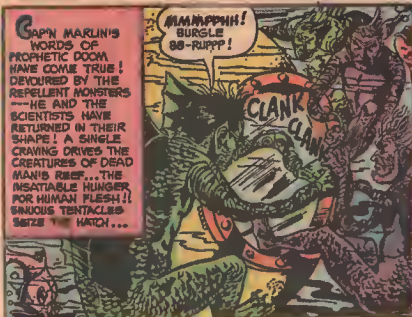
HEAR THAT? SOMETHING IS OUTSIDE THE DIVING BELL!



AAHHH! L---LOOK OUTSIDE, FERRIS!

MONSTERS! TH- THEY LOOK LIKE THE SCIENTISTS AND OLD CAPTAIN MARLIN! THEY'RE TURNING THE HATCH... TRYING TO GET IN!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

ON DECK, RED WORKS DESPERATELY AT THE LINES...

THEY'VE STOPPED SENDING SIGNALS! I'VE GOT TO WORK FASTER... GOT TO LOOSEN THESE LINES!



THERE! IT'S WORKING AGAIN! I'LL HOIST THEM UP!



AS THE CHAIN EMERGES FROM THE DEPTHS, IT CARRIES WITH IT A HORRIBLE BURDEN!

MONSTERS... HALF-HUMAN AND HALF-OCTOPUS! THEY'VE BEEN CLINGING TO THE CHAIN AND I'VE BEEN PULLING THEM UP! THEY'RE COMING AT ME, DOZENS OF THEM!



I---I RECOGNIZE THAT FACE! IT'S ACE MALET! AND YOU! YOU'RE BIG DAN FERRIS! STAND BACK! GET BACK, I WARN YOU!!



TH' GUN! I---I'M SHOOTING AT THEM...AND THEY DON'T FEEL A THING!



AT THIS MOMENT...

DEAD AHEAD, SIR! IT'S THAT SCHOONER, THE "NEW BEDFORD"!

GOOD WORK, LOOKOUT! PERHAPS MALET'S GANG HAVE TAKEN REFUGE ON HER... SINCE THEIR SPEED-BOAT WAS SINKING! THROW THE SEARCH-LIGHT ON HER!



AT ONCE, AN UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT IS REVEALED, ETCHING ITSELF FOREVER ON THE MEMORIES OF THE COAST GUARD CREW!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AS THE POWERFUL LIGHT PLAYS ON THE MONSTERS, THEY STAGGER BACK! BENEATH THE OCEAN SURFACE, EVERYTHING HAD BEEN DARK AND GLOOMY! THE BEAM PENETRATES THEIR BRAIN CENTERS, BLINDING AND HURTING THEM! ONE BY ONE THEY REACH THE RAIL AND DIVE INTO THE OCEAN...



LOOK! THEY'RE VANISHING! DISAPPEARING INTO THE OCEAN!

THE COAST GUARDSMEN QUICKLY BOARD THE SCHOONER...

THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF THOSE CREATURES LEFT, SIR! AND ONLY THIS MAN! HE LOOKS LIKE THE THUG IN MALET'S GANG THAT THEY CALLED 'RED'...

...EXCEPT THAT HIS HAIR IS STARK WHITE, AND HE'S BABBLING LIKE AN IDIOT!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE CLEAR LIGHT OF THE DAY...

HERE COMES THE DIVING BELL, SIR! NOW MAYBE WE'LL GET AT THE SECRET OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREW OF THE 'NEW BEDFORD' AND TO MALET AND PERRE!

HMM! THE ESCAPE HATCH IS OPEN...



NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE INSIDE, SIR, EXCEPT THIS SATCHEL!

LET'S SEE---GREAT SCOTT! THIS CONTAINS THE JEWELS STOLEN BY MALET'S GANG! SO THEY WERE IN ON THIS!



THAT'S THE ONLY CLUE---EXCEPT FOR THIS BIG AUTOMATIC CAMERA, SIR! THE SWITCH WAS THROWN, AND IT'S A SELF-DEVELOPER! MAYBE THERE'S A PICTURE INSIDE THAT WOULD TELL US WHAT HAPPENED...

RIGHT! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK!



FOR A MOMENT, THE COAST GUARD OFFICER'S FINGERS HOLD A STRANGE PICTURE! BUT THEN A GUST OF WIND THROWS A WAVE HIGH! IT CATCHES THE PHOTOGRAPH...



THERE IT GOES, SIR! IT'S STARTING TO SINK! DID YOU SEE IT?

NO! WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHETHER IT WOULD HAVE TOLD US MORE ABOUT THOSE WEIRD MONSTERS WE SAW---OR THOUGHT WE SAW---LAST NIGHT! AND RED, THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE HELPED US, IS OUT OF HIS MIND! HE'LL HAVE TO GO TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!



BUT WE SAW IT, DEAR READER, DIDN'T WE? WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! JUST AS THE SEA KNOWS!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

The FOREST of DEATH

WHEN GRIM
DEATH,
THE STALKER
OF ALL MEN,
PULLS THE STRINGS
OF FATE,
ONLY THE SILENT
GIANTS OF THE
FOREST PRIMEVAL
ARE ENTRUSTED
TO KEEP HIS
SECRET
FOREVER!
IN THE PROVINCE
OF QUEBEC
WHERE THE
WOODSMEN FILL
THE AIR WITH
LUSTY SHOUTS,
THE STRANGE
STORY OF
JACQUE DUSAC
AND THE
FOREST OF DEATH
REMAINS
FOREVER
HIDDEN!



IT BEGAN ON A MORNING WHEN THE MEN OF THE LUMBER TOWN OF LE TROIS STRODE INTO THE FOREST AS USUAL! BIG MEN, PRIMITIVE MEN—LUMBERJACKS WHOSE AXE BLADES GLEAMED IN THE MORNING SUN!

SEE YOU AT
SUNDOWN, HENRI!

OUI!
AU'VOIR,
PAUL!



BUT AMONG THEM WAS ONE JACQUE DUSAC, AND HIS SOUL KNEW ONLY AN EVIL FEAR THAT HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO CONGEAL FROM HIS FRIENDS!

JACQUE, I ASK YOU AGAIN, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE MONEY FOR THE FARM? I GAVE YOU MY LIFE'S SAVINGS—HALF THE MONEY YOU SAID WE NEEDED TO BUY A LITTLE MILK FARM! MY LIFE'S SAVINGS, JACQUE!

Shhh,
PIERRE!
THE WOODS
HAVE EARS!
THIS IS
OUR SECRET
UNTIL WE
ARE READY
TO QUIT!



THE SALE IS GOING THROUGH NOW, PIERRE! MEET ME AT OUR USUAL PLACE BY THE OLD OAK IN HALF AN HOUR! I'LL TELL YOU MORE THERE!

ALL
RIGHT!
BUT I WANT
TO SEE
MORE THAN
PROMISES
OR I TAKE
MY MONEY
BACK! I HAVE
BEEN PATIENT
LONG ENOUGH!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

PIERRE WALKED ON AND JACQUE DUSAC'S SHOULDERS DROPPED! THE LIPS THAT HAD SO READY A SMILE BECAME A THIN LINE AND ALREADY DEATH WAS AN INVISIBLE CLOAK ABOUT HIM!

I CAN'T PUT HIM OFF ANY LONGER! IF HE FINDS I SPENT ALL THE MONEY ON MYSELF, HE'LL HAVE ME JAILED! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP HIM FROM LEARNING THE TRUTH! I'VE PLANNED CAREFULLY... EVERYTHING IS READY!



DUSAC BEGAN TO HURRY THROUGH THE FOREST, BUT SUDDENLY HE HALTED! THROUGH THE WOODS CAME THE LOUD, CLEAR CALL, THE TRADITIONAL LUMBERJACK'S CRY OF WARHING, AND HE SAW A FOREST GIANT BEGIN TO TOPPLE!

TIMBER!



THE GREAT TREE CRASHED TO THE GROUND AND DUSAC HURRIED ON! SOON HE STOOD BEFORE ANOTHER HUGE TREE READY FOR TOPPLING! HIS HANDS BEFORE THE AXE QUIVERED DESPITE HIMSELF!

JUST ONE MORE BLOW AND SHE FALLS!



NOW TO SEE IF HE'S AT THE SPOT YET! AH, YES---HE WAITS THERE FOR ME!



ALL RIGHT, NOW FALL!



THE AXE CHOPPED GLEANLY WITH A MIGHTY BLOW AND SLOWLY, THEN WITH GATHERING SPEED, THE HUGE TREE TOPPLED! AND JACQUE DUSAC GAVE NO TRADITIONAL CRY OF WARHING! FROM HIS LIPS CAME ONLY A HOARSE WHISPER OF EXULTATION!

SHE FALLS STRAIGHT... SHE CANNOT MISS!



HIS VOICE... IT HAS WORKED! HE IS FINISHED! HE WILL BE CRUSHED TO BITS! BUT I MUST BE SURE

KARASH!

RIEEEE... UUH!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

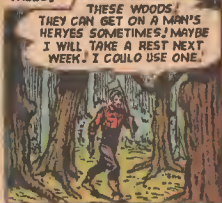
YES--THERE HE IS--CRUSHER!
WHEN HE IS FOUND IT WILL BE
CALLED AN ACCIDENT! MANY A
LUMBERJACK HAS MET DEATH
BY JUST SUCH 'ACCIDENTS'!



I WILL GO BACK TO WORK NOW AND
AT SUNDOWN GO TO TOWN AS USUAL!
NO ONE WILL QUESTION PIERRE'S
ABSENCE TILL IT GROWS LATE!
THEN THEY'LL SEARCH THE WOODS
AND FIND HIM!
IT IS PERFECT!



JACQUE DUSAC LEFT THE CRUSHED
BODY AND RETURNED TO WORK!
THE FOREST WAS UNUSUALLY STILL!
NOT EVEN A SQUIRREL CHATTERED!
IT WAS THE COMPLETE, TOTAL
SILENCE OF DEATH, AND AS THE
DAY DREW TO A CLOSE, DUSAC
WAS GLAD TO LEAVE THE SILENT
TREES!

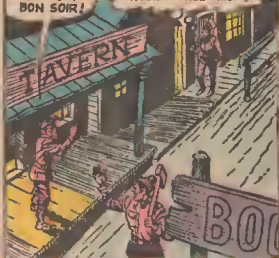


THESE WOODS!
THEY CAN GET ON A MAN'S
NERVES SOMETIMES! MAYBE
I WILL TAKE A REST NEXT
WEEK. I COULD USE ONE.

THE
LUMBERJACK
FOUND THE
TOWN NOISY
AND LUSTY
AS ALWAYS,
BUT THE
HAPPENINGS
OF THE DAY
CLUNG TO HIM
WITH A
PERSISTENT,
GNAWING
FEAR HE
COULD NOT
SHAKE OFF!
HIS HANDS
CONTINUED
TO QUIVER
STRANGELY
AND SO...

AH! RENÉ,
MON AMI!
BON SOIR--
BON SOIR!

I AM TOO MUCH ON EDGE!
PERHAPS A STOP AT THE
TAVERN WILL HELP!



DUSAC STARTED TO PUSH OPEN THE
TAVERN DOORS WHEN SUDDENLY HIS
BREATH STOPPED AND HIS BLOOD CON-
GEOLED IN HIS VEINS!



NO... NO!
IT... IT
CANNOT
BE!

PIERRE! HERE---ALIVE!



PIERRE---HERE---ALIVE! BUT HE IS DEAD!
I---I SAW HIM THERE MYSELF---
CRUSHED!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT THERE HE IS! MAYBE---MAYBE THE TREE DIDN'T KILL HIM! YET I--I SAW HIM LYING THERE DEAD!



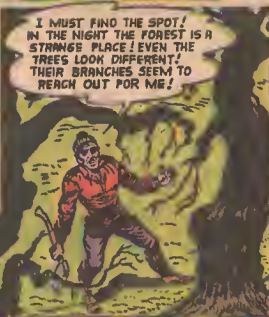
SHOCKED BEYOND CLEAR THOUGHT, HIS MIND A WHIRLPOOL OF DOUBT AND FEAR, JACQUE DUSAG BEGAN TO RUN THROUGH THE LAST GLIMMER OF TWILIGHT, RACING FOR THE DEEP DARK OF THE GREEN FOREST!

I--I'LL GO BACK TO THE FOREST AND SEE AGAIN FOR MYSELF! PERHAPS MY EYES PLAY TRICKS ON ME!



THE NIGHT HAD ALREADY THROWN ITS BLACK CLOAK OVER THE FOREST WHEN DUSAG RAN INTO THE WOODS WITH A MIND HALF-CRAZED WITH FEAR!

I MUST FIND THE SPOT! IN THE NIGHT THE FOREST IS A STRANGE PLACE! EVEN THE TREES LOOK DIFFERENT! THEIR BRANCHES SEEM TO REACH OUT FOR ME!



EVEN AS HE SPOKE WITH A THROAT OF QUIVERING FEAR, DUSAG SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF HELD BY THE BRANCHES OF A FOREST GIANT! THE ARMS OF WOOD HELD HIM IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP!

I--I CANNOT MOVE! LET ME GO!



LET ME GO, DO YOU HEAR? I--I'LL MAKE YOU LET GO!



I... (GASP)---I'LL MAKE YOU!.... THERE!



THEY--THEY SEEMED ALIVE THE WAY THEY HELD ME! I--I MUST FIND THE PLACE AND GET OUT OF HERE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DUSAC TURNED TO HURRY ON, BUT NOW HIS BLOOD TURNED TO WATER! BEFORE HIM A STRANGE, Wraith-LIKE FIGURE STOOD AND SPOKE TO HIM! DUSAC'S VOICE WAS BUT A SEPULCHRE-LIKE WHISPER!



NO, DUSAC... YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THE FOREST ALIVE

N-N-NO---NO! IT... IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU HAVE BROUGHT TREACHERY AND MURDER TO SULLY THE CLEAN FOREST! YOU MUST DIE, DUSAC-- DIE!

NO---I-I'LL FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!



I'LL KILL YOU--- I'LL KILL YOU!



YOU CAN'T HURT ME, DUSAC! THE TREES WILL PROTECT ME!

NO-- I'LL FINISH YOU!



WILD ANGER FIRED BY THE BELLOWING OF MAD FEAR DROVE DUSAC TO THE TREE! WITH HIS AXE HE GNIPPED AWAY AT THE LAUGHING, GRINNING IMAGE THAT DEFIED HIM, KNOWING ONLY THE INSANE DESIRE TO KILL---KILL!

HARDER, DUSAC--HARDER! YOU CANNOT HURT ME! TRY--CHOP HARDER!

I'LL DO IT-- I'LL KILL YOU!



THE FURIOUS AXE BLOWS CARRIED QUICKLY THROUGH THE TREE AND SUDDENLY DUSAC HEARD THE CACK OF A FALLING TREE! BUT IN INSTANT HE SAW IT FALLING FORWARD ATOP HIM! THE WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE VANISHED AWAY BEFORE HIS EYES AND NOW...

GOODBYE, JACQUE DUSAC-- NOW YOU DIE!

NO...NO!



KARAASH! ARIIIUUH!



SO IT WAS THAT BY DAWN THE MEN OF THE MILL TOWN FOUND THE TWO MEN CRUSHED BEHEATH THE TREES, SEEMINGLY TWIN TRAGEDIES! THEY SPOKE IN HUSHED TONES, UNAWARE OF THE STRANGE WAYS IN WHICH FATE PAYS BACK THE EVIL IN MEN'S HEARTS!

POOR DUSAC--AND PIERRE! WHAT A TRAGEDY! TODAY OF ALL DAYS, PIERRE'S TWIN BROTHER COMES TO TRY A SURPRISE VISIT!

YES--THEY HAD NOT SEEN EACH OTHER IN MANY YEARS! PIERRE NEVER TOLD ANYONE HE EVEN HAD A TWIN BROTHER! YES--A TRAGEDY, ALL RIGHT! AH---C'EST LA VIE!



WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for
Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB. NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was bent thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. J. Shier, Corsicana, Texas.



GOOD JOB WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at W.P.M. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here—more work than we can handle."—J. H. Hengley, Suffolk, Va.



\$12 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Wayne, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dubline, New Paeon, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "I am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized. . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictures at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Well, Counsel—And out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson: shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 61-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3443 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 58th Year.

The ABC's of
SERVICING

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This Is Just Some of
the Equipment My
Students Build. All
Parts Yours to Keep.

Good for Both—FREE

MB. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3443
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book.
FREE. Our salesmen will call. Please
write plainly!

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date of discharge _____

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION

GET PRIZES.... MAKE MONEY

1 way to give your choice of a wide variety of prizes, or even golden trumps, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES on my 25-page coupon. Make prizes for guests without cost. Give prizes for birthdays, anniversaries, Valentine's and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per pack.



NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET. GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER.

"Jangle" Harry Bond, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn prizes and extra cash for 35 years.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once.

Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes this easy way for 35 years. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep \$1.80 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell. **SEND NO MONEY. I TRUST YOU!**

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your 510 PRIZE BOOK, and one order of 48 packs of American Seeds. I will sell them to my family, friends and neighbors as fast as I can. I will send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

State _____

JEAN, SEE THIS AD OF THE AMERICAN SEED CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT!

LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY. I WANT TO SEE WHO PLANT SEEDS.

YES, BOBBY WE NEED GARDEN SEEDS. ILL BUY SIX PACKS.

IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND HERE'S OUR PRIZES.

THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA. WHY DONT YOU FELLOWS SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY. YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 70 SWEET PRIZES!

I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

Just for Selling American Seeds to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

Professional My Sweetest Kentucky Set

Parma Ben Has a 54-inch hardwood bow, a feathered arrow, target tape, instruction, plus 75¢ order of American Seeds plus 75¢.

DICK TRACT CAMERA

Camera has halogene light and fixed lens. Comes complete with carrying case. Sell one order.

BOYS' GIRLS' WRIST WATCHES

Gold-plated one order plus \$2.50. Boy's Bristum Dial Watch. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

JET PLANE

Attach wings, light fuse, away you go! Fly 500 feet high. Green for selling just one order.

EXTRA \$1,500 IN GRAND PRIZE AWARDS

1st prize \$250, 2nd prize \$150, 3rd prize \$100. Plus 20 deluxe Schwinn bicycles.

Full Size Ukiellet

At home, "push button" guitar famous. Blue or Brown. Sell one order plus 50¢.

GIRLS' OR LADIES' SHOULDER BAG

Available in Red, Green, Navy Blue or Brown. Sell one order.

JUMPIN' SPORTS KIT

Complete kit for "punching" boys and girls. Includes baseball, football, water! Sell one order.

ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIE

Attach wings, light fuse, away you go! Fly 500 feet high. Green for selling just one order.

MY FELLOW!

Daddy's Red Wings Cowboy Canteen. A fast-shooting 600 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON... SELL AMERICAN SEEDS AND... WIN PRIZES, LIKE THESE

By getting selling American Seeds & gifts to your family, friends and neighbors, you can win GRAND PRIZES AWARDS. Buy one order of American Seeds. I will send you the money, and choose my prize. **SEND NO MONEY. I TRUST YOU!** Please coupons on postcard or mail in envelope today.

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.